

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"No Union with Slaveholders."

VOL. I.

NEW-LISBON, OHIO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1845.

NO. 4.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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From the New York Tribune.

First of August, 1845.

Among the holidays of the year, some portion of our people borrow one from another land. They borrow what they fain would own, since their doing so would increase, not lessen, the joy and prosperity of the present owner. It is a holiday, not to be celebrated, as others are, with boast, and about, and gay procession, but solemnly, yet hopefully, in humiliation and prayer for much ill now existing—in faith that the God of good will not permit such ill to exist always—in aspirations to become His instruments for its removal.

We borrow this holiday from England. We know not that she could lend us another such. Her career has been one of selfish aggrandizement. To carry her flag every where where the waters flow, to leave a strong mark of her foot print on every shore that she might return and claim its spoils, to maintain in every way her own advantage, is and has been her object as much as that of any nation on earth. The plundered Hindoo, the wronged Irish—for ourselves we must add the outraged Chinese (for we look on all that has been written as to the right of that war as mere sophistry,) no less than Napoleon, walking up and down in his "tarred green coat" in the unwhole some lodge at St. Helena—all can tell whether she be righteous or generous in her conquests. Nay! let myriads of her own children say whether she will abstain from sacrificing, mercilessly, human freedom, happiness, and the education of immortal souls, for the sake of gains in money! We speak of Napoleon, for we must ever dispute, with most profound contempt, the policy use she made of her power on that occasion. She had been the chief means of liberating Europe from his tyranny, and, though it was for her own sake, we must commend and admire her conduct and resolution thus far. But the unhand-some, base treatment of her captive has never been enough contemned. Any private gentleman, in chaining up the foe that had put himself in his power, would at least have given him lodging, food and clothes to his liking, and a civil turnkey—and a great nation could fail in this! Oh, it was shameful, if only for the vulgarity of feeling evinced! All this we say because we are sometimes impatient of England's

Because she has done one good act, is she entitled to the angelic privilege of being the Champion of Freedom?

And yet it is true that once, once she nobly awoke to a sense of what was right and wise. It is true that she acted out that sense; acted fully, decidedly. She was willing to make sacrifices even of the loved money. She has not let go the truth she then laid to heart, and continues the resolute foe of man's traffic in men. We must bend low to her as we borrow this holy day, the anniversary of the Emancipation of the Slaves in the West Indies. We do not feel that the extent of her practice justifies the extent of her preaching, yet we must feel her to be, in this matter, an elder sister, entitled to cry Shame to us. And, if her feelings be those of a sister indeed, how must she mourn to see her next of kin pushing back as far as in her lies the advance of this good cause, binding those whom the old world had awakened from its sins enough to loose! But courage, sister. All is not yet lost. There is here a faithful band determined to expiate the crimes that have been committed in the name of Liberty. On this day they meet and vow themselves to the service, and, as they look in one another's glowing eyes, they read there assurance that the end is not yet, and that they, forced as they are

"To keep in company with Pain
And Fear and Falsehood, miserable train."

may
"Turn that necessity to glorious gain."

may
"Transmute them and subdue."

Indeed we do not see that they hate a jot of heart or hope, and it is because they feel that the power of the Great Spirit and its peculiar workings in the spirit of this age are with them. There is action and reaction all the time, and though the main current is obvious, there are many little eddies and counter currents. Mrs. Norton writes a poem on the sufferings of the poor, and in it she, as episode, tenderly laments the sufferings of the Emperor of all the Russias for the death of a beloved daughter. And it was a deep grief, yet it did not soften his heart, or make it feel for man. The first signs of his recovered spirits are in new efforts to crush out the heart of Poland, and to make the Jews lay aside the hereditary marks of their national existence, to them a sacrifice far worse than death. But then—Count Apraxin is burnt alive by his infuriate serfs, and the life of a serf is far more dog-like or rather machine like than that of our slaves. Still the serf can rise in vengeance, can admonish the Autocrat that humanity will yet turn again and rend him.

So with us. The most shameful deed has been done that ever disgraced a nation; because the most contrary to consciousness of right. Other nations have done wickedly, but we have surpassed them all in trampling under foot the principles that had been assumed as the basis of our national existence and our willingness to forfeit our honor in the face of the world.

The following stanza, written by a friend some time since, on the Fourth of July, exhibit these contrasts so forcibly, that we cannot do better than insert them here:—

Loud peal of bells and beat of drums
Salute approaching dawn,
And the deep cannons' fearful bursts
Announce a Nation's Morn.

Imposing ranks of freemen stand
And claim their proud birthright,
Impostors! rather, thus to brand
A name they hold so bright.

Let the day see the pageant show!
Float, banners, to the breeze!
Shout Liberty's great name throughout
Columbia's lands and seas!

Give open sunlight to the Free!
But for Truth's equal sake,
When Night sinks down upon the land,
Proclaim dead Freedom's wake!

Beat, muffled drums—toll, funeral bell!
Nail every flag half-mast!
For, though we fought the battle well,
We're traitors at the last.

Let the whole nation join in one
Procession to appear,
We and our sons lead on the front,
Our slaves bring up the rear.

America is rocked within
Thy cradle, Liberty,
By Africa's paled hand,
Strange inconsistency!

We've dug one grave, as deep as Death,
For Tyranny's black sin,
And dug another at its side
To thrust our brother in.

We challenge all the world aloud,
"Lo! Tyranny's deep grave!"
And all the world points back and cries—
"Thou fool!—behold thy Slave!"

"Yes, rally, brave America,
Thy noble hearts and free,
Around the Eagle, as he soars
Upward in majesty.

"One half thy emblem is the bird,
Out-facing thus the day;
"But, wouldst thou make him wholly thine,
Give him a helpless prey."

This should be sung in Charleston at 9 o'clock in the evening, when the drums are heard proclaiming "dead Freedom's Wake," as they summon to their homes, or to the custody of the police, every human being with a black skin who is found walking without a pass from the white. Or it might have been sung to advantage the night after Charleston had shown her independence and care of domestic institutions by expulsion of the venerable envoy of Massachusetts! Its expression would seem even more forcible than now, when sung so near the facts, when the eagle soars so close above his prey.

How deep the shadow, yet cleft by light! There is a counter current that sets toward the deep. We are inclined to weigh as of almost equal weight with all we have had to trouble us as to the prolongation of slavery, the hopes that may be gathered from the course taken by such a man as Cassius M. Clay. A man open to none of the accusations brought to diminish the influence of Abolitionists in general, for he has eaten the bread wrought from slavery, and has shared the education that excuses the blindness of the slaveholder. He speaks as one having authority; no one can deny that he knows where he is. In the prime of manhood, of talent, and the energy of a fine enthusiasm, he comes forward with deed and word to do his devoir in this cause, never to leave the field till he can take with him the wronged wretches rescued by his devotion.

Now he has made this last sacrifice of the prejudices of "Southern chivalry," more than ever will be ready to join the herald's cry, "God speed the right." And we cannot but believe his noble example will be followed by many young men in the slaveholding ranks, brothers in a new sacred band vowed to the duty not merely of defending, but far more sacred, of purifying their homes.

The event of which this day is the anniversary, affords a sufficient guaranty of the safety and practicability of strong measures for this purification. Various accounts are given to the public of the state of the British West Indies, and the fees of emancipation are of course constantly on the alert to detect any unfavorable result which may aid them in opposing the good work elsewhere. But through all statements these facts shine clear as the Sun at noonday, that the measure was there carried into effect with an ease and success, and has shown in the African race a degree of goodness, docility, capacity for industry and self-culture, entirely beyond or opposed to the predictions which darkened so many minds with fears. Those fears can never again be entertained or uttered with the same excuse. One great example of the safety of doing right exists; true, there is but one of the sort, but volumes may be preached from such a text.

We, however, preach not; there are too many preachers already in the field, abler, more deeply devoted to the cause. Endless are the sermons of these modern crusaders, those ardent "sons of thunder," who have pledged themselves never to stop or falter till this one black spot be purged away from the land which gave them birth. They cry aloud and spare not; they spare not others, but then, neither do they spare themselves, and such are ever the harbingers of a new advent of the Holy Spirit. Our venerated friend, Dr. Channing, sainted in more memories than any man who has left us in the nineteenth century, uttered the last of his tones of stern, solemn, persua-

sive, convincing eloquence on this day and on this occasion. The hills of Lenox laughed and were glad as they heard him who showed in that last address, an address not only to the men of Lenox, but to all men, for he was in the highest sense the Friend of Man, the unsullied purity of infancy, the indignation of youth at vice and wrong, informed and tempered by the mild wisdom of age. It is a beautiful fact, that this should have been the last public occasion of his life.

Last year a noble address was delivered by R. W. Emerson, in which he broadly showed the just *milieu* views upon this subject in the holy light of a high ideal day. The trust man grew more true as he listened, for the speech, though it had the force of fact and the lustre of thought, was chiefly remarkable at sharing the penetrating quality of too "still small voice," most often heard when no man speaks. Now it spoke through a man, and no personalities or prejudices, or passions, could be perceived to veil or disturb its silver sound.

These speeches are on record, little can be said that is not contained in them. But we can add evermore our aspirations for thee, O our Country, that thou mayest not long need to borrow a holy day, not long have all thy festivals blackened by falsehood, tyranny, and a crime for which neither man below nor God above can much longer pardon thee. For ignorance may excuse error, but thine, it is vain to deny it, is conscious wrong and vows thee to the Mammon whose wages are endless torment or final death.

From the Honesdale (N. Y.) Democrat.

James G. Birney.

The abolition candidate for President, in a letter written on the 12th of Dec. 1844, though but recently published, makes the following extraordinary declaration:

"The objection that appears so insurmountable to you, against swearing to support the Constitution of the United States, does not present itself in the same light to me. . . . Such parts of the Constitution as are opposed to the law of God, to common justice, to humanity, to good morals, I reject as no part of that instrument. I should have no hesitation in 'affirming' to support the constitution of the government, whilst I should be prepared, indeed consider myself bound to disregard any immoral provision that might be found in it."

What is this but a virtual justification of perjury? If the Constitution of the United States, as Mr. Birney's judgment, is opposed, in one or many particulars, "to the law of God, to common justice, to humanity, to good morals," that is a good reason why he should not swear to support it. But, his notion of swearing to support the Constitution, with a mental reservation to disregard such portions of that instrument as, in his opinion, conflict with strict morality, is monstrous. That he should make so infamous an avowal is astonishing. If a man may take an oath to perform the duties of a public office according to law, with a mental reservation to regard only so much of the law as he thinks to be right, why may not another man adopt the principle of mental reservation in giving testimony in courts of justice?

If Mr. Birney's party should be successful, and elect him to the Presidential office, what a spectacle he and it would present to the world! On the day of his inauguration, he would stand up in the presence of a great multitude of his fellow-countrymen, and swear to support the Constitution, in all its parts and particulars; to support it not as "he understands it," but as the authorized exponents of the Constitution, the judiciary, understand it. And the next day, perhaps, he would be found violating the plain and unequivocal requirements of the Constitution, and justifying his conduct with the plea that he reserved the right to do so when he took the oath!

If Mr. Birney believes any part of the Constitution immoral, he cannot swear or affirm to uphold it, and be an honest man. At the commencement of his present career, he put himself at the head of what was professed to be a great moral movement for the liberation of the slaves. To consummate that movement, he and his associates declared that they would use no other means than argument and persuasion. But, soon they discovered, or thought they discovered, in the strong religious sentiment and feeling that pervaded the country in favor of emancipation, a powerful instrumentality which they could turn to political account. Forthwith they seized upon it, and set at work to secure to themselves all the offices of the State and General Governments. Previously to this last movement, however, they had denounced the Constitution as an immoral compact, entered into, in part, for purposes at war with justice and humanity; they had thus denounced it so frequently and so ostentatiously, that they could not recede from that position without being exposed to inferences discreditable to their integrity. Having considered the difficulties in which they were involved, they determined to maintain their stand, and avow the intention, in case they should be successful in their political scheme, to set the Constitution at defiance, and take credit to themselves for it, under the pretence that they were too conscientious to support such an instrument. Their plea for forfeited oath and violated Constitution, is to be—conscience—the plea that great villains have set up in all ages for their unnumbered crimes. The baseness of these men is fast developing. This declaration of Mr. Birney is the most cool and impudent confession of flagitious purpose that has been made in modern times.

Remember the cause of the slave.

From the Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Indiana Slave-case decided.

United States Circuit Court, Friday, May 23rd, 1845.—Vaughan vs. Williams—Debt for the rescue of slaves, damages \$500. The above case came on for trial on Wednesday last before the Court and Jury, Judges McLean and Huntington presiding.

In the fall of the year 1835, one Tipton, a citizen of Kentucky, owning three slaves—a man, a woman, and a child—came to Illinois, and settled in Warren county. During the time he was there, in the winter following, and in the spring of 1836, he built himself a house, and cleared a certain lot of land—about thirty acres—part of which was done by the aid and assistance of the slave Sam, which was the name of one of the slaves; also, Tipton was assisted by his sons, who had previously settled in this State, and beside whose farm was that of their father; the negro woman worked in the house, and was understood by the neighbors to be the wife of Sam; the child, a girl, was their child.

In the spring of 1836, the neighbors of Tipton having hinted to the negroes that they were free, of which he heard, some time in April, same year, he took them in a covered wagon to Missouri, and there sold them as slaves. The men who bought them from Tipton, sold them to the plaintiff for about \$1,100. This was soon after their arrival in Missouri. In 1837 they escaped and came to the State of Indiana, and resided in Hamilton county, on a small farm bought for them by the kindness of some friends—until the time of their re-capture, which was some time in 1843 or '44. The old negro man is about fifty years of age. Some time in 1843, '44, armed with a writ from Missouri, and a warrant from this State, the plaintiff attempted to arrest the negroes in their cabin under night, but was prevented until the morning, when the neighbors, alarmed with the cries proceeding from the cabin, flocked to their aid, and the defendant, with others, refused to allow the plaintiff to carry off the negroes by force. An investigation was demanded and agreed to, but while on the way to the justice's office the negroes escaped by the aid and assistance of the defendant and the crowd.

The action was brought to recover damages of \$500, recoverable under the act of Congress, against any person aiding or abetting the escape of fugitives from labor when arrested by their owner. The case was ably conducted by Messrs. Wick and Barbour, and O. H. Smith for the plaintiff, and Messrs. Bradley and Quail, and J. C. Jones for the defendant.

Judge McLean after summing up the evidence in a very able manner, charged the jury as to the law in the case, who, after a short retirement, found a verdict for the defendant, which was in strict accordance with the charge of the court. The trial lasted two days and a half, and created great excitement.

By the above decision, the following point is settled in this State, viz:

That slaves brought into a free State by their owner, he becoming a resident or citizen thereof, and using them as his servants, are free, and any subsequent sale of them in a slaveholding State is void and in the event of their escaping afterwards to a free State, they cannot be re-captured as slaves.

SLAVE WHIPPING IN NEW ORLEANS.—Our fellow citizen, Jeremiah Curtis, Esq., in a speech recently made in this city, stated that, while in New Orleans not long since, he was informed by his steward, an exemplary member of a christian church who had been taken from his vessel, and thrust into the 'calaboose,' under the laws of Louisiana, because God had given him a skin somewhat colored—that the public whippings were inflicted there in the morning, and that if he would come early in the day he would have the opportunity of witnessing them. Desirous of acquainting himself with slavery in all its operations, Mr. C. went early the next morning to the prison and there witnessed the merciless application of the bitter lash to the naked backs of men and women. He learned that the regulations of the city required that, when slaves were to be punished, they should be whipped by the public whipping-master at the calaboose—the number of lashes should not exceed 25. The fee for infliction was a cent a lash. The whip used had a short handle and long lash, which the master, standing at a good distance, handled so 'scientifically' that every stroke brought the flesh, and the blood flowed in streams down the back of the victim.

At the time Mr. Curtis went to take his steward away, the whipping master came out of the calaboose with hands covered with blood, and remarked:

"There, that is the most obstinate nigger that I ever saw."

Mr. C. then went into the calaboose and there saw a black with his throat cut, and lying on the floor in a pool of blood. On inquiry, he learned that the man had been a slave who had always sustained a most estimable character: that he had ever done all in his power to please his master: that he had never been punished, but that for some imaginary offence his master now had sent him up for a whipping and to be placed in the chain gang, and that he had declared he never would submit to that. When the time came for the execution of the punishment, and he was satisfied, by the entrance of the whipping master, that there was no reprieve, he drew his knife across his throat and fell upon the floor and shortly afterwards was a corpse!

What a commentary is this; upon the oft repeated text, "the slaves are contented and happy."—*Ban-gor Gazette.*

Proclamation of the Mexican President.

Jose Joaquin de Herrera, General of Division and President ad interim of the Mexican Republic, to the citizens thereof.

Be it known: That the General Congress has decreed, and the Executive sanctioned, the following:—

The National Congress of the Mexican Republic considering:—

That the Congress of the United States of the North has, by a decree, which its Executive has sanctioned, resolved to incorporate the Territory of Texas with the American Union;

That this manner of appropriating to itself territories upon which other nations have rights, introduces a monstrous novelty, endangering the peace of the world, and violating the sovereignty of nations;

That this usurpation, now consummated to the prejudice of Mexico, has been in insidious preparation for a long time; at the same time that the most cordial friendship was proclaimed, and that, on the part of the Republic, the existing treaties between it and those States were respected scrupulously and legally;

That the said annexation of Texas to the United States tramples on the conservative principles of society, attacks all the rights that Mexico has to that territory, is an insult to her dignity as a sovereign nation, and threatens her independence and political existence;

That the law of the United States, in reference to the annexation of Texas to the United States, does in no wise destroy the rights that Mexico has, and will enforce upon that department;

That the United States having trampled on the principles which served as a basis to the treaties of friendship, commerce, and navigation, and more especially to those of boundary fixed with precision, even previous to 1832, they are considered as violated by that nation;

And, finally, that the unjust spoliation of which they wish to make the Mexican nation the victim, gives her the clear right to use all her resources and power to resist, to the last moment, said annexation:

IT IS DECREED:

1st. The Mexican Nation calls upon all her children to the defence of her national independence, threatened by the usurpation of Texas, which is intended to be realized by the decree of annexation passed by the Congress, and sanctioned by the President of the United States of the North.

2d. In consequence, the Government will call to arms all the forces of the army, according to the authority granted it by the existing laws; and, for the preservation of public order, for the support of her institutions, and, in case of necessity, to serve as a reserve to the army; the Government, according to the powers given it on the 9th of December, 1844, will raise corps specified by said decree, under the name of "Defenders of the Independence and of the Law."

MIGUEL ARTISTAN,
President of the Deputies.
MIGUEL CALDERN,
President of the Senate.

Approved, and ordered to be printed and published.

JOSE JOAQUIN DE HERRERA.
A. D. LUIS G. GUEVAS.
Palace of the National Government,
City of Mexico, June 4, 1845.

From the New Orleans Tropic, July 8th.

Mexico.—We are indebted to an esteemed friend for the following interesting letter from his regular correspondent at Vera Cruz:—

VERA CRUZ, June 24.

The Castle is in good order; it mounts 200 large guns, and has recently been re-inforced by some 500 or 600.

There will be a declaration of war in a few days by this government against the United States. Orders have just been received to have all the public archives removed to Jalapa, which is six miles in the interior, for safe keeping. This looks like making preparation.

The Mexicans have lately received an addition to their marine; three large gun boats, mounting each one 24 pounder, built in New York, well finished, and creditable to American ship builders. They cost, with the arms, &c. attached, about \$10,000 each.

Correspondence.

Letter from Harriet N. Torrey.

PARKMAN, Ohio, July 12th, 1845.

MR. EDITOR:—Not being much accustomed to writing for publication, you will please to excuse my awkward manner of introducing myself to the readers of the Bugle. It is said that this is a land of Freedom, where one can not only sit under one's own vine and fig tree without any molestation to make afraid, but can also express one's opinion upon any subject, ism or schism according to the dictates of one's own conscience. Therefore, without further prologue or circumlocution, I will proceed to make a few remarks. For several years past, the name of Abby Kelley has been associated in my mind with certain abstract ideas of a something which I could not comprehend, connected with, and belonging to, the world's social and political position; and, appertaining, in particular, to a "peculiar institution," which is mysteriously and inextricably incorporated into our constitution, and which now wields an all-powerful influence in every department of our slavery consolidated union. Rumor, with her thousand tongues, has given as many versions to the sayings and doings of Miss Kelley; but those who understand the genuine, will find it an easy matter to detect the spurious coin. She has been among us: we have seen her with our own eyes, and have heard her with our own ears; and the time may be nearer than we are aware, when the utility, and the practicability of those measures which she so eloquently advocates, will be determined by their consummation. That she possesses a strong, original, comprehensive and truth loving mind, and that her opinions are the result of long, patient and vigorous investigation, none but those who have cruised beneath her withering sarcasm, or who are tinged with the chameleon edge of moral cowardice will have the temerity to deny. For, myself, it is a fearful thing for a woman to question the wisdom of men, and to break through the conventionalisms which confine her physical and intellectual energies within a limited and subordinate sphere, and to stand forth as the champion of right, and the fearless repudiator of wrong, in defence of the merest current of public opinion! And I am yet to be convinced that a mere love of display, a wish to show off talent and elicit admiration has ever

drawn a conscientious woman from the sweet endearments of domestic life, and given her the nerve to exclaim against usages and institutions which common consent has allowed to exist for ages past, in order to gratify the cupidity of a portion of the human race. It is natural for woman to cling to some object. Her susceptible nature instinctively seeks something around which it can twine, and trust with ingenuous and unabating confidence for support, for guidance and protection. And if she finds it not, if she finds man to be an obdurate and selfish being, averse to the investigation of truth, and unwilling that she should penetrate beyond the shallow depths of his own bleared comprehension—her confidence is shaken, she finds that he has no support to give; for how can he impart that to her, which he does not possess himself? And when I see a woman publicly, and earnestly exclaiming against social and political evils, a solemn sadness creeps into my bosom; for I know that there must be wrongs in the world, deep and bitter wrongs, which can thus subdue the natural diffidence of her nature and call forth her righteous indignation. Do some say, "if there are wrongs in the world it is the men's business to right them!" So it is; and that is just what I am going to speak about. If man would prove his own humanity, by pleading the cause of the oppressed, there would be no necessity for woman to diverge from her own legitimate sphere. But, if man proves recreant to his duty, if he has not the moral courage to assume the livery of truth and right, and to battle manfully for the same—ought he not to thank woman for doing it for him, instead of deriding her efforts in his behalf, and sneering at the zeal which she displays in the performance of his own neglected duties? Woman acts promptly and energetically from the impulse of her own warm feelings, and her quick, yes, almost intuitive perceptions of right and wrong, while man deliberates, weighs the policy of his opinions and movements with mathematical precision, and finally inclines the scale to the side of his largest self interest. Philanthropy glides from his presence; for she finds a more genial resting place amid the out-gushing sympathies of woman. I do not include all men in the above remarks; for there are many noble exceptions, many redeeming spirits whose efforts in the cause of humanity will never be fully appreciated until the "wheel is broken at the center," and they "go hence to return no more." If my remarks are too severe, I will merely say that they were called forth by the invidious observations of those narrow minded beings who would divest woman of her intellectuality, and consequently of her responsibility, and make her a mere plaything, or domestic drudge.

HARRIET N. TORREY.

Our friend's communication is very acceptable; and although we sympathize with her in many of her views, yet in some things we differ widely. We do not believe it is man's exclusive business to redress the wrongs in the world. If he were not recreant to the obligations which God has laid upon him, but joyfully did all he could, woman's "legitimate sphere" of action, would be no less extensive than it now is, her field of labor nowise contracted. Her duty depends not upon the performance or non-performance of what man conceives to be his obligations, but she should so labor that it may be said of her, "She hath done what she could." Woman should act as the ancient poet spoke:—

"No bent up Africa confines our powers,
But the whole boundless Universe is ours."

THE BUGLE.

NEW-LISBON, AUGUST 15, 1845.

"I have agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startled the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Transfer of the Bugle.

The Ex. Committee of the Ohio American A. S. Society, upon mature deliberation concluded that the interests of the cause would be better served by transferring the Bugle to a responsible publishing Committee, who have accordingly taken charge of it, as will be seen by the following

NOTICE.

Upon consultation among the friends of the Anti-Slavery Bugle, it was determined to appoint the following named persons a committee to have charge of its publication, to select its Editors, and attend to all its pecuniary affairs: It being understood that while the paper is not the official organ of any society, and that its columns are freely opened to the discussion of all questions pertaining to the subject of slavery, it shall advocate the doctrines held by the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The Committee shall have power to fill vacancies in their body; and if deemed advisable, to increase their number, by a unanimous vote of its members.

*SAMUEL BROOKE,
GEO. GARRETTSON,
JAMES BARNARD,
DAVID G. BREATH,
LOT HOLMES.

*The engagements of Samuel Brooke are such that he cannot act with the committee until the middle of Sept.

Benj. S. Jones and J. Elizabeth Hitchcock will have charge of the Editorial department of the Bugle for the present.

First of August.

We have just returned from the Marlboro' meeting, and while the scene is fresh in our mind, sit down to give a brief description of it, for more than that we shall not presume to attempt. The friends of the cause displayed their taste in the selection of a grove, about half a mile from the village for the place of gathering. A large platform was erected for the speakers, and seats provided for an audience of one thousand or fifteen hundred. A more pleasant location could hardly have been selected. From the platform there was a gradual ascent, making each seat higher than the one before it, forming a kind of amphitheatre, which enabled the speakers to look into the face of each single individual of the listening multitude.

The table furnished by the sewing circle was tastefully arranged beneath the green canopy which nature had provided, and formed an attractive feature in the scene. A little farther back was the rude kitchen which had been hastily constructed for the accommodation of those who designed administering to the physical wants of all who needed a dinner. Near it burned the fire, where was erected a wooden crane, with wooden "pot-hooks and hangers," scarcely as seemly as those with which we used to blur the copy books in our early school-boy days. The dining table was made in the most rustic style, and busy were those who were engaged in preparing the viands with which to spread it. There was the young girl who had early been baptized into Antislavery, hastening to and fro with cheeks flushed with exercise—the energetic and efficient woman, darning, pinning, and perfecting her as-

semblages with skill and promptness; while Quaker matrons as plainly dressed as though they had just come from the gallery of the meeting house, cheerfully lent their aid to prepare food for the hungry.

The weather was pleasant, and a rain two days before having laid the dust, the traveling was excellent. The day previous to the first, and during the three days of the meeting, the country round about seemed alive, so great was the moving population. The people came crowding in on foot and on horseback, in carriages and in waggons. Buggies which the maker designed for two, held three and four. Carriages with seats for four, were expanded into vehicles for six. Road waggons which easily accommodated eight and can seat ten without much discomfort, were in some cases too small until they had built on them a platform for sixteen. At the last day's meeting it was estimated there were not less than three thousand persons present, some of them from a distance of seventy miles.

The meeting was opened by Benj. S. Jones, who gave some account of the progress of the Antislavery cause in England, from the days of the young Clarkson up to the emancipation of the British colonial slaves in the West Indies. He showed the progressive steps which the friends of emancipation had taken, adverted to the increased clearness of their moral vision as they pursued the path of duty, spoke of the dangers they had encountered, and the difficulties with which they had to contend; and showed that the labors of Abolitionists in this country must necessarily be of the same character, inasmuch as they were contending against the same evils and had the same kind of opponents to deal with.

Abby Kelly added a few remarks in relation to the many advantages which emancipation had brought to the former master, as well as to the slave, as instanced in the greater sense of security to the planter, the increased value of his real estate, the decrease of crime among the former slaves, and their growing desire for intellectual and moral instruction. The afternoon was mostly occupied by the same speaker in continuation of the same subject, and in relation to the pecuniary effects of slavery upon the North.

S. S. Foster made a few closing remarks. He said he could not fully sympathize with the speakers who had preceded him. Whilst Americans wore chains, whilst women were sold in our market places, their sufferings so engrossed his attention and absorbed his sympathies, that he could not rejoice even though the chain had been stricken from the slave in other lands. He thought that tears and deep sorrow were more appropriate, even on the first of August, than songs and rejoicing.

The second day's meeting was commenced by a short debate upon a motion to have read the address of the Cincinnati Liberty party convention. When the question was taken upon this motion, it was negatived by a large majority. J. Elizabeth Hitchcock then addressed the audience upon the proslavery character of the United States government, showing also the culpability of Liberty party in participating in its conduct.

This called out a rejoinder from Isaac Pierce, a champion of Liberty party. He took the position that the constitution was both anti-slavery and pro-slavery, both pure water and poisoned water; that Liberty party could therefore promise to sustain it—receiving the pure and rejecting the impure. He asserted that slavery could only be abolished by legal power coming to the aid of moral, adding, "I have no confidence in moral power, except when it is backed up by the Ballot box and Cartridge box, by the Bayonet's point and the Cannon's mouth." A young man who stood near the platform immediately wrote and handed us the following resolution:—

"Resolved, That though we do not doubt that Christ was honest in adopting the measures he did to regenerate the world, yet we believe that in not adopting political action, he failed to use the best means to effect his object."

Isaac did not appear to see the keen satire upon his position contained in this resolution, but afterward when adverted to it, spoke of it as an attempt to ridicule christian principles. He further expressed a desire that Abolitionists should not quarrel among themselves, that they should be kind and charitable one to the other, use mild language, and not resort to denunciation. He wound up by saying that these Disunionists preached treason, and that "their notions were as wild and preposterous as any that were ever engendered in the brain of a fanatic." Well! thought we, if it is kind, and gentle, and charitable for Isaac Pierce to call us Traitors, to class our doctrines with the worst of fanaticism, and consequently to class them with the absurdities of Joe Smith, with the no less wicked notions of Matthias, with Theophilus Gate's doctrine of a community of wives, and with the host of mad fanaticisms whose name is Legion—if this be mild and charitable, we should like to have a specimen of his uncharitable and harsh language.

Isaac was followed by S. S. Foster who exposed the fallacy of his reasoning and completely annihilated the positions behind which he had entrenched himself.

On the morning of the third day, the subject which first claimed our attention was the Anti-Slavery Bugle; slips of paper were circulated among the audience, and the names of about one hundred subscribers were that day added to its subscription list, and between eighty and an hundred dollars pledged to its support.

After that matter had been attended to, Isaac Pierce again talked upon Liberty party, Constitution, Government, &c. Abby Kelly replied at considerable length, occupying the remainder of the forenoon, and a small portion of the afternoon session.

This subject having been disposed of, S. S. Foster took hold of the churches, stripped off their pretensions to Christianity, and exposed their loathsomeness and corruption, showing them to be churches that sanctioned and sanctified the plundering of cradles, the polluting of women, and the imbruting of man.

After the church question was as fully discussed as the shortness of the time permitted, the audience separated. The exercises of the three days were interspersed with some singing, though we thought we had not half enough. Whittier's "Hymn for the first of August," and "Come join the Abolitionists," were not out of place there. The last with which we were favored was a Disunion song. Here is the chorus:

"We go for Disunion,
We go for Disunion,

And 'No union with slaveholders'
Shall ring throughout the land."

We wish we could describe the Fair Table as it deserves to be. The New-Lisbon and Columbians women—the Abolition women of these places, we mean, for it was mainly owing to their exertions that the table was so well filled—deserve great credit for their taste and industry. Although they had not much time for preparation, yet a large table was covered with quite a profusion of articles of various kinds. There was such a continual crowd around it, that we had not so good an opportunity of seeing, as if it had been otherwise. We noticed among other things toilet cushions and needle books, work bags and work boxes, dolls of both sexes and pin-cushions of various patterns, card baskets and book marks, pigs and rabbits to suit the fancy of children and shoes to fit their feet, aprons for the younger and caps for the older, dresses for the little ones, and travelling bags for those who journey; these, and many other articles we noticed arranged in good taste upon the society's table.

We gave a few of the mottoes and verses which were upon the book marks, toilet cushions, and needle books. "THIS FOR THE SAKE OF FREEDOM." "REMEMBER THEM IN BOND." "LIBERTY." Trifling as may seem the act which brings out these words in a form visible to the eye of proslavery, it may be the hand writing of God upon the wall, which shall arrest the attention of some impious Belshazzar, and prevent him from longer degrading the vessels which he has stolen from the temple of the Lord.

They had copied on one of their articles, a verse from Whittier's touching appeal to woman:

"Oh, woman! from thy happy hearth,
Extend thy gentle hand to save
The poor and perishing of earth,
The chained and stricken slave;
Oh, plead for all the suffering of thy kind,
For the crushed body and the darkened mind."

On another were four lines from Geo. S. Burleigh's poem on Disunion, which spoke the language that true freemen should speak:

"We snap the bond that binds us,
And to remotest time,
Stand severed from the robber land
Where mercy is a crime."

We saw also a couplet—whose we know not—contained much truth in its two lines:

"They are slaves who fear to be,
In the right with few or three."

Printed upon silk was the following from that sweet poetess of Liberty—Elizabeth Margaret Chandler—whose body rests beneath the Prairie sod of the far west, but whose soul is dwelling in that freedom in heaven, which she so zealously endeavored to establish upon earth.

"Whom call ye slaves? are not the cravens such,
Who dare not act with justice!—Men who prate
In sweet, smooth sentences, of Christian love,
And with much sympathy, lament the fate
Of those from whose swollen limbs they will not strike
One single link in all their weight of chains?"

The next was from Whittier's thunder song:

"If we have whispered truth,
Whisper no longer,
Speak as the meek doves,
Stern and stronger."

The last, which

touching, is an appeal from the fugitive slave to the Christian(?) of our land. It called up before our sight the hunted bondman, flying from his prison-house. We saw him pursuing his solitary journey in the darkness of the midnight, keeping his eye fixed upon the north star—the fugitive's hope—and anxiously listening to hear whether his tyrant master was following on his track. He fords the creek, he swims the river, he threads the morass where the companionship of lizards and snakes is more endurable than the slavery from which he is flying; through tangled thickets and woods he pursues his course until his feet press the soil of the states, which in the spirit of boasting, we call free. He there finds the population more dense, he hopes he is among friends, but fears he is surrounded by foes; therefore his appeal:

"The fetters galled my weary soul,
A soul that seemed but thrown away;
I spurned the tyrant's base control,
Resolved at last the man to play:—
The hounds are baying on my track;
Oh, Christian! will you send me back?
"I seek a home where man is man,
If such there be upon this earth,
To draw my kindred, if I can,
Around its free, though humble hearth.
The hounds are baying on my track;
Oh, Christian! will you send me back?"

Trust them not, Fugitive! They have promised to stand by the constitution and laws of their country, which require your surrender. Look not to the family of the screaming Eagle for protection, better seek it amid the Lion and his whelps.

At the conclusion of our three day's meeting we separated, many of us feeling it was good for us that we had been together.

We would tender to the friends at Marlboro', on behalf of ourselves and other strangers, our thanks for the kindly welcome they gave us to their homes. We have been a guest at the houses of many of our Antislavery friends in Pennsylvania, N. York, and New-England, and would not wish to be thought invidious in saying, that Ohio exceeds any other place we have seen for whole-sale hospitality. In the East, a house of ordinary size would be considered full, if the host had a dinner company of fifty, but here they will entertain an hundred and fifty, and for ought we know, a few scores beyond if it were desired. As for lodging, those who have seen community beds, which will easily accommodate ten or fifteen persons each, will easily comprehend how provision is made for all. Upon the whole, we think the meeting did great good, that the hands of many were strengthened and their moral vision made clearer.

Mexico.

It will be seen by reference to another column, that the people of Mexico are clamorous for war. They feel that they have been insulted and outraged by the course which the United States government has pursued toward them. They are mustering their forces, and making such preparation as they can for hostilities.

It may be said as Mexico is weak in military resources, and her government an inefficient one, with

ing need be feared from that quarter. It is true, that if she depended solely upon herself, she might not be able to accomplish much. But is it to be supposed that France and England whose plottings in relation to Texas have been defeated by a counter plot, will not gladly lend to Mexico a helping hand? And that the other powers of Europe, who have long been watching with a jealous eye, our grasping disposition, and acquisitions of territorial strength, will not be ready secretly or openly to aid the Mexicans?

We have long prided ourselves upon our extensive commerce; our sails whiten every sea, our vessels touch at every port: our merchant navy is immense; our government navy but small, and cannot readily be very much increased at a short notice. Where then, to use common parlance, is the force to protect our commerce? for they who rely upon the sword for protection, will have no protection if they have no sword. Let but Mexico declare war against the United States, and on the instant would a swarm of privateers, bearing the Mexican flag and carrying Mexican papers, commence their depredations on our merchant vessels.

Nothing to fear from a war with Mexico! Reflect a moment upon our condition, and see if there be not terrible cause for fear. We have a powerful enemy in our midst. "A million of slaves," said Mr. Arnold of Tennessee, "are ready to rise and strike for freedom at the first tap of the drum;" and they care not whether it be a British or a Mexican drum, so that it beats to freedom.

There are the Indians of the West and South-west whose wigwams we have destroyed, whose council fires we have scattered. Think you they have forgotten their wrongs? We tell you nay! Revenge is with them an hereditary virtue. Hatred is almost the only heirloom which the sires bequeath to his son. Though the hatchet may now be buried, show them but an opportunity to use it, and it will be dug up, and the Indian's war whoop will ring in your ears, and his scalping knife encircle your head.

Nor would the citizens of this country be united in waging such a war against Mexico. We know of some who would think it highly dishonorable; and who stand pledged never to engage in such a contest.

And where, we ask, are we to obtain the means necessary for the prosecution of such an enterprise?—who is to furnish the funds to meet the immense outlay attendant upon such a state of affairs? In time of peace and comparative prosperity, we are obliged to

we now assumed the debts of Texas, amounting probably to some twenty or thirty millions of dollars. Can we longer obtain funds in Europe, where they look upon us not only as a nation of baby stealers, but what affects our pecuniary interest far more, as a nation of Repudiators?

And how would the world regard us in such a contest? Would it sympathize with Mexico, outraged and despoiled, or with our rubber land? It seems to us that the nations of the earth would look upon us with ineffable scorn. We have heard of a woman, who having been corrupted by vice, left the protection of her husband, and from a fair and seemingly matron, became transformed into a foul and polluted hag, whose very breath was corruption and rottenness, and whose embrace was death. Such is Texas! We have heard of men, who had become so wicked and so debased by their appetite, that they could take the yet living mass of putrefaction to their bosom, and stand up before the altar and promise to receive her as their wife, to vindicate her character, and pay her brother debts. Such is the United States!

Free Meetings.

The opponents of the American A. S. Society have often falsely accused it of being a no human government, woman's right society. It is perhaps owing to these and similar charges, that an impression exists in some parts of the state that our meetings are free meetings in the most comprehensive meaning of the term. They are free anti slavery meetings, where all may come and freely speak upon the subject of slavery; but not free for persons to come and talk upon Phrenology or Transcendentalism, Agriculture or Dietetics, Metaphysics or Theology, Infidelity or Orthodoxy; to discuss the propriety of building a rail road or digging a canal. And we presume that no person on mature reflection could for a moment think that a free Anti-Slavery meeting, assembled under an Anti-Slavery call, was a proper place to introduce these topics.

Our meetings, be it understood are free to all for the discussion of slavery, but free to none for the discussion of any other questions than those which pertain to chattelism. When we invite the people to an Anti-Slavery meeting, we intend it shall be Anti-Slavery so far as our influence can make it so. To convert it into a meeting of any other description would be a fraud upon the community.

We have no objection to free meetings, as they are technically called, if people choose to appoint them. In some parts of the country they are frequently

held, and the audience assemble with the express understanding that every one is at liberty to speak on any subject he may choose. This is perfectly fair, and no one has a right to complain; because this is the object for which the people convened. But when an anti-slavery meeting is called, it should be understood that slavery is the subject for discussion.

Our First Page.

Those who think that nothing has been done by the Anti-slavery agitation, will do well to turn to our first page, which we have this week made up of Anti-slavery articles, copied exclusively from Whig and Democratic papers. Ten years ago it would have been political damnation for any party papers to publish what they now insert as a matter of course; public opinion has become so changed that it sustains them in it. It is not merely this or that paper which is beginning to be abolitionized, but the change in their positions is owing to a change in the community at large; they are but the hands of the watch which stood at the third hour, but now point to the eleventh.

The article headed "The first of August" is from the columns of the New-York Tribune, and is not only admirably written, but contains a great deal of sound Anti-slavery sentiment. Indeed, we know of no paper of the kind which publishes so much Anti-slavery matter as does the Tribune.

The Captured Ohioans.

On our fourth page will be found some account of the manner in which the citizens of this state are kidnapped by Virginians. Our columns are too much crowded to permit us to make much comment upon it. But these outrages are not greater, nor so great as we have long anticipated, and as from the nature of things we must necessarily receive. This is but "the beginning of the end." We have sown the seeds, and will most assuredly reap the whirlwind. It is in conformity with the teachings of experience and the doctrines of sound philosophy, that he who fastens the chain about his brother's heel, will always find the other end of that chain around his own neck.

You have long done the bidding of slavery, you have hurried back the panting fugitive, you have bathed your bayonets in the heart's blood of the insurgent slave, and have sworn that you would continue to do so. You have fed the monster upon the quivering flesh and palpitating hearts of your brother man, until it became strong enough to turn and rend you.

"Now his impartial hunger Demands another prey,
And from your own hearth fires,
He plucks your sons away."
Will you continue to hold longer fellowship with him? Are you yet sleeping, dreaming pleasant dreams of freedom and peace, while he is preparing to devour you?
"Rouse from your shameful slumbering!
The hand is at your throat,
That from the Black man's forehead
The crown of Manhood smote."

Protection and safety are not to be found in Constitutions or in laws, for these are but ink-stained parchments, powerless in themselves for good or for evil. A regenerated public sentiment is the only means by which we can secure to ourselves and others, the peaceable provision and free exercise of our natural rights; and in order to produce this, we must refuse to hold union with those who are sustaining that system, which as impartially and as justly kidnaps the white citizen of Ohio, as it does the colored citizens of Virginia.

"Liberty Advocate."

The editor of this paper wishes to know if he mistook the character of the Bugle, and conveyed a wrong impression of it in his editorial notice, and if so, he desires to make the amende honorable. We think that he did in some respects, but it probably was unintentional on his part.

His notice, if we rightly understand it, is calculated to give the impression that our paper is opposed to all ecclesiastical organizations, and to all political action, whereas it is opposed to neither, as such. On the Anti-slavery platform, we have nothing to do with church organization; we contend against that corrupt religion which sanctions and sanctifies American slavery, that vilest of all abominations; and in seeking the overthrow of that, we do not necessarily aim at the destruction of ecclesiastical organization. Churches may, and have been purified of all taint of slavery, and the organization remained unscathed, and we have in our mind now, a church in New-England which has dissolved all connection with the atrocious system—it stands disconnected from all other churches, and has not one member who in any way participates in the conduct of the government. Now we know of no Abolitionists who consider the annihilation of that organization as necessary for the emancipation of the slave; on the contrary, we see them pointing to that body as a bright example, and one worthy of imitation. If the demon of slavery cannot be cast out of the church without rending the body—if the foundation principle be the sin of oppression, and its removal endangers the institution, we say let the body be rent!—let the superstructure fall! If preaching truth, and purifying the church of slavery shall destroy it, we say let not a scattered fragment remain to tell that such an organization as a church ever existed. It is the duty of the physician to amputate the gangrened limb, and if death shall result, he certainly is not responsible. He did not design or wish to take the life of his patient, but on the contrary, to restore him to health and vigor. He would have died had not the operation been performed, and the whole system was so diseased that even that could not save him. If ecclesiastical organizations are equally diseased, there is no hope for them; and if when slavery is cast out, dissolution shall follow, we are not responsible; we do not aim at their destruction.

Again—we are opposed, as the editor of the Advocate says, "to all the existing political parties, and also to the formation of any new one," under the present constitution; but we are not opposed to all political action. Of the non-voters, who are every day becoming more and more numerous, we believe that all of them are in favor of political action, with the exception of a few non-resistants; but they cannot act politically for Anti-slavery or any other purpose, so long as their acting thus, involves a support of the sys-

tem they are laboring to overthrow. And the non-resistants even, are not, as Abolitionists, opposed to political action.

We advocate secession from the U. States government, merely because it is a slaveholding government—we say, refuse to support the constitution, because it is a slaveholding document. Could the people act politically to build up an Anti-slavery government, and to form a constitution that would practically acknowledge the freedom of all, without swearing to support slavery, we hold that such action would be perfectly consistent with true Anti-slavery principles.

To Subscribers.

In the hurry and confusion attendant upon the reception of subscriber's names at the Marlboro' meeting, we have reason to believe that several were lost; we also think it likely that one or more of the subscription lists that have been circulated in different parts of the country have not yet been returned; if therefore, you know of any who have subscribed and who do not receive their papers, we will thank you to notify us of the fact, and the omission will be promptly corrected.

An Apology.

We understand that some of our subscribers are getting impatient about the irregular publication of our paper, and doubtless some apology is necessary, not only for this, but also for its present inferior appearance. Circumstances beyond our control have prevented its regular publication, and so we trust our subscribers will bear with us, for a little while. The printer who has been engaged has now gone to Philadelphia for a new press, new type, and good paper; and when they shall arrive, our arrangements are such that we shall be able to furnish our patrons punctually with a much handsomer sheet. We expect to issue one, or perhaps two more numbers from New Lisbon, when our publication office will be removed to Salem.

General Intelligence.

Dreadful Steamboat Accident.

The Steamer *Big Hatchee*, a Pittsburgh boat, owned and commanded by Capt. Rosal Frisbee, of this city, and for some time past running on the Missouri trade, burst her starboard boiler in leaving Herman, on that river, on the 23d, at one P. M., throwing it aft, through the cabin floor, and up through the hurricane deck, overboard, and into the river by the wheelhouse—making a perfect wreck of the boat above the lower deck as far back as the ladies' cabin, and spreading death and desolation amongst the passengers.

The number of killed and scalded is about twenty three. The wreck floated below the landing, about two miles, before she could be landed—about two hundred yards below Mr. Gonsole's landing—at which place she will discharge freight and get towed thence to St. Louis. The hull of the boat received no injury. The Captain was blown above the pilot house but received no injury. James Mellon, the clerk, was in the office at the time of the explosion: the wood and splinters filled the office all round, but he came off uninjured.

The Crops.

WESTERN INDIANA.—Vincennes, July 6.—Never has been such a season for harvesting—much of it has been done by the hour—that is, in the intervals between showers, and as a natural consequence, immense quantities have been lost. I witness some fields growing standing—others cut, and growing in the swath—others in shocks grown and completely matted together. The quality of the grain is excellent, and the quantity would have been medium, if the weather had been fair. In the North part of the State, when I left home one week ago, no wheat was cut. It was generally of a very small growth, with short well filled heads. If the present weather is favorable for that great wheat district, the farmer will have a medium crop of excellent wheat. Corn and other crops there did not look promising—they need rain badly. Here in the Wabash Valley, the corn looks well, though suffering greatly for want of working that has been prevented by the rains. On the hilly ebbly land, not only corn but every thing else looks as though it had been first wasted and then scalded.

WISCONSIN.—The Wisconsin respers are in the field, gathering in as good a crop of winter wheat as was ever produced in the territory. One third if not one half more ground has been sown in wheat this, than in any former year; and the yield will be at least as good as at any previous period. The spring wheat, which of course ripens some two or three weeks later than the winter grain, also promises an abundant crop. Oats and Corn likewise bid fair to be an average crop, the slight rains and warm weather for a week or two past having enabled them to recover from the blighting effects of the cold and dry weather of May and the beginning of June. Potatoes are doing very well, but the grass crop will be rather short, except on low grounds and wet prairie.—*Racine Advocate*, July 15.

MARYLAND.—The drouth and hot weather, which are the complaint of every one, prevail very generally. Unless we are soon visited with rain, we may calculate on raising little corn. Vegetables are becoming very scarce, and every kind of vegetation is parching to death. We have, however, great cause to be thankful in the abundance of breadstuffs with which our country has been blessed; and we should therefore be reconciled to the loss which we are now likely to experience.—*Hagerstown Torch Light*.

MICHIGAN.—The harvest is over and the wheat crop gives general satisfaction. We never remember seeing a more general look of pleasure and contentment than our farmers now exhibit. Not only has wheat turned out well but spring crops look fine and promising. Oats, which by the by already begin to

be harvested, are excellent. Corn, despite the frost, wherever the nature of the ground and the care of cultivation permits, is luxuriant. In view of the prospects before us, we may well say that Michigan is herself again.—*Ypsilanti Sentinel*, 23d.

ILLINOIS.—A traveler informed the editor of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser that in Illinois he saw 40,000 acres of wheat in one body divided only by cross roads. The yield upon the whole lot gave promise of something better than was seen last year.

British News from Oregon.

The *Albion* has received a letter from "a highly authentic source" in Oregon, from which it publishes the following extracts: The date is not given, but it doubtless came by way of Canada, and is a good deal later than any former advices from that country:

To the Editor of the Albion:

As it may be interesting to you to have a brief sketch of the state of public affairs in the Oregon Territory, I subjoin an outline of intelligence received from thence.

"Her Majesty's Sloop of War 'Modeste' visited the Columbia River in the month of July last, where she remained three weeks, and afterwards called at the Forts Victoria, and Simpson, on the North-west coast. There was a large influx of immigrants from the United States last year, about 1500 persons having arrived in Oregon from St. Louis and the Sandwich Islands, some of whom, however, were so much disappointed in the country that they immediately left it for California, while others returned across the Rocky Mountains.

"Notwithstanding the generally lawless character of the emigrants, there has been no serious extended outbreak among them, which is principally attributable to the circumstance of the Provisional Government having followed up the regulations of the Hudson's Bay Company in restrictions on the importation and distillation of spirituous liquors, but it is much feared that these wholesome restrictions cannot be long enforced, naturally giving rise to much apprehension on the part of the more respectable and well conducted portion of the community. A very bad feeling exists between the settlers and the Indians, and some of the latter have been shot for trivial offences. This prejudice extends also to the half-breed population, and it was lately discovered that some 30 or 40 persons had entered into a conspiracy to destroy all the half-breeds and foreigners, and they were alone prevented from prosecuting their enterprise by the sameness of their party.

"The Provisional Government is ostensibly established only until the boundary question is settled, and the United States establish their jurisdiction over the country; but there is a large party of the settlers who are disposed to declare themselves independent, as they feel that they are too far removed from the United States to be benefited by their protection."

FROM GREAT BRITAIN.—The prospects of an abundant harvest in different parts of the West are very flattering. Trade is represented as rather dull. Money is abundant.

It is said that the Wesleyan Methodists of Great Britain are about to disown any connection with those of the United States who are slaveholders.

General Armstrong, the new American consul, arrived in Liverpool on the 28th ultimo, by the Great Western.

For cotton there has been an active demand. The sales have been large, but there is a large stock on hand.

In Ireland, assassinations and murders in open day are among the reported incidents of the day. In a recent conflict between the police and a body of peasants assembled at a fair, near Cork, six persons were killed, and twenty five wounded.

LATE FROM HAYTI.—Haytien papers to the 15th ultimo, have been received in New York. The only thing of importance is, that on the 6th the Haytien troops, under command of Major General Morisset, Bobo and Gardere, drove the Dominicans from the position which they had taken by surprise a few days previous. Major General Morisset was acting as commander in chief for the occasion, and the columns composing his military force were, at the latest dates, pursuing their forward movement, driving the insurgents constantly before them.

LOST THEIR WAY.—A company of the Oregon emigrants, consisting of twenty-two wagons, have entirely missed their way, and have got near the mouth of the Yellow Stone. The company was from Iowa, and crossed at the Council Bluffs. They left the settlement without a pilot, with the hope of following in the trail of the main companies which left that place. The traders report them without provisions sufficient to prosecute their journey, and barely enough to return.

Anti-Slavery Meetings—Double series.

Steven S. Foster of N. H. and Abby Kelly of Mass. will attend and speak at the following appointed meetings:

Austinburg, Ashtabula co.	Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, August	19, 20, 21st.
New Lyme, Ashtabula co.	Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August	22, 23, 24th.
Warren, Trumbull co.	Monday and Tuesday August	25, 26th.
Youngstown, Trumbull co.	Thursday, Friday Saturday and Sunday, August	28, 29, 30, 31st.

Giles B. Stebens of Mass and Isaac S. Flint of New York will hold meetings at the following places: Massillon, Mon. Tues. and Wed. " 18, 19, 20th. Paris, Thurs. Fri. and Sat. " 21, 22, 23d. Mt. Union, Sun. Mon. Tues. " 24, 25, 26th. Augusta, Thurs. Fri. and Sat. " 28, 29, 30th. Hanover, Sunday " 31st.

The meeting at Mt. Union will commence at 10 A. M. at all the other places at 2 P. M. The hour of gathering on the second, third, and fourth days will be in the forenoon at 10 o'clock, and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Will the friends of the cause see that full notice is given in their respective neighborhoods?

Papers friendly to free discussion please copy.

These meetings are free to all, who desire either to hear or speak upon American Slavery.

Portry.

The Moral Warfare.

BY J. G. WHITTE.

When freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brows in blood,
And, thro' the storm which round her swept
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then where quiet herds repose,
The roar of battle's battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on Freedom's shrine
Was man for beast, and blood for wine?

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A MORAL WARFARE with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be! In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,
To Light, and Truth, and love of Heaven.

Truth and Freedom.

BY W. D. GALLAGHER.

For the Truth, then, let us battle,
Whosoever fate betide!
Long the boast that we are Freemen,
We have made, and published wide.

He who has the Truth, and keeps it,
Keeps what not to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action,
That his fellow mortal wrongs.

He who seeks the Truth, and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a Freeman;
He at least is but a slave.

He who hears the Truth, and places
Its high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a man.

Friend, this simple lay who reads it,
Be not thou like either them—
But to Truth give utmost freedom,
And the tide it raises, stem.

Both unspeaking, and bold in action,
Be for ever—Time will test,
Of the free-soul'd and the slavish,
Which fulfills life's mission best.

Be thou like the noble Roman—
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak!—no matter what betides thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear!

Be thou like the first Apostle—
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seek expression:
Speak it boldly!—speak it all!

Face thine enemies—accusers;
Scorn the prison, rack, or rod!
And, if thou hast a Truth to utter,
Speak! and leave the rest to God.

From the Youth's Monthly Visitor.

The Duty—the Reward.

Every day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care;
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.

Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove;
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

Patiently enduring, ever
Let thy spirit be
Bound by links that cannot sever,
To Humanity!

Labor! wait! thy Master perish'd
Ere his task was done;
Count not lost thy fleeting moments,
Life hath but begun.

Labor! and the seed thou sowest,
Water with thy tears;
God is faithful, he will give thee
Answer to thy prayers.

Wait in hope! Though yet no verdure
Glad thy longing eyes,
Thou shalt see the ripened harvest
Gather'd in the skies.

Labor! wait! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering,
Fill thy heart with fear—

'Wait in hope! the morning dawns,
When the night is gone;
And a peaceful rest awaits thee,
When thy work is done.

Truth.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid its worshippers.

Miscellaneous

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

The Captured Ohioans—Virginia action.

The account we published last week of the forcible capture of the Ohioans of Washington county is true. And more is true. Besides being dragged from their houses and families, by foreign force, they have been tried by a foreign tribunal, and remanded to jail, there to remain until September, when the superior court of Virginia shall say whether they are felons or not.

This is a gross and glaring outrage, and one which must not be submitted to, if there be power in the law to maintain the rights of the state, guaranteed to us by the constitution of the union, or to defend the freedom of the citizen which the government is bound to protect. Let us first look at the facts, see what is decided, understand the law, and then determine what shall be done.

1. As to the facts.
On the evening of the 5th ult., after dark, six slaves, belonging to Mr. Howard of Wood county, Virginia, attempted to escape from bondage. They succeeded in reaching the bank on this side of the river, where a large number of Ohioans were standing. Seven of this number were sent down towards the river, and helped the negroes in carrying the baggage up the hill. At this moment, six Virginians, who were concealed in the bushes near by, rushed upon the crowd, dispersed them, seized three of the men who aided the slaves, Messrs. Lorraine, Garner and Thomas, of Washington county, Ohio, forced them on board of a boat, took them before a magistrate at Parkersburg, Va., by whom they were committed to prison.

2. As to what is decided.
On the 18th of July the trial of the three Ohioans was had before a special court of Wood county, Va. The question before the court was, whether it had jurisdiction over the case? The witnesses, of course the very men who seized the Ohioans, proved substantially what we have stated. Upon this single point the issue rested. For the defence it was said that all the courts and all the judges of the courts, from chief justice Marshall down, whenever called upon to decide the question, had held the doctrine that the law of one state was inoperative in another state, and that low water mark is the boundary of the north-west and has been so settled by law for the last 25 years. The counsel for the state was challenged to produce a decision at war with this doctrine. That counsel, in reply, claimed jurisdiction for Virginia to the top of the north-west bank; that her laws did extend beyond her territory; and cases were put to illustrate and prove the necessity of maintaining this view. And the called court of Virginia sustained those doctrines, refusing the motion of the prisoners' counsel to bail them, and as we before said, remanded them to jail, there to remain until tried before the superior court of Virginia in next September.

3. As to the law.
The position assumed by the authorities of Virginia is this: That citizens of Ohio, living here, and never having set foot on the soil of Virginia are yet amenable to her law. This doctrine is monstrous, and its simple statement is enough to prove it. Its despotism is so palpable that free men, if possessing a knowledge of freedom, would reject it everywhere. From the period of the Magna Charta, when kings ruled with almost omnipotent sway, to this time, there is not a nation, nor a state, which has not rejected this doctrine. Nor is there a civilized people on earth who would submit to its enforcement.

We omit a portion of the argument on the legal question.
The question is narrowed down by Virginia to this point, her own statute; and if that has power in this state, it has power in Indiana, and she may draw our citizens from their homes at any time, or for any offence, and be in effect our mistress and the mistress of the nation. We repel all such constructions. They are at war with every principle of law and liberty, with every sentiment of independence, and with every notion of sovereignty. And the law and the exponents of law every where so affirm. They do not leave the question an open one. It is settled beyond the power of attack, except by despotic means.

4. What shall we do?
Every citizen of Ohio owes allegiance to the state. In return for that allegiance the state pledges itself to protect him. These Ohioans have been kidnapped on our soil, and while violating no law at home, by people from a foreign state, and are now held as felons in a foreign jail. Ohio owes it to her dignity, her self respect, her sense of right, to break their bondage and set them free. It will never do to tolerate the idea that the people of any state may invade our territory by force and by force capture and imprison our citizens. We shall be despised, and ought to be despised, as poltroon in spirit, and coward at heart, if we sluggishly fold our arms and say nothing and do nothing, to meet the wrongs of so outrageous a character. No man need talk to us of the character of the men seized in this particular case. None need speak of what they attempted to do or did. The right to seize the poorest and meanest citizen of Ohio by force, confers if not resisted, the right to seize the best citizen of the state. We have no alternative left, then; we must defend these men; and the public voice should demand that the ablest counsel of the state be employed for this end. Let us see whether there be virtue in the writ of habeas corpus, or the law, and let us know, too, speedily whether the citizens of Virginia, or of any other state, may invade our soil, bear away our people, and doom them as felons, against justice, right, and law, without remedy on our part, except the last remedy which God and nature have put into our hands.

From the Liberator.

Joseph A. Dugdale.

'Sit still, Friends, he's not a member of Society!!'
The above is a quotation from the words of Nicholas Brown, as true a price as any religion can boast of, whether Catholic or Protestant, although he is known by the modest title of a 'distinguished minister among Friends.' In order that the spirit of the remarks may be more fully known, it will be necessary to explain a little. The Genesee 'Yearly Meet-

ing' had just come off, and it had not proved a very 'quiet one, or one very flattering to those who array themselves in opposition to the movements of the abolitionists. Among other things calculated to bring up an agitation on the subject of slavery, was the appearance at the meeting of Joseph A. Dugdale, of Ohio. Some—the opposers of anti-slavery—contended that Joseph had no right to a seat in the meeting, and was not a member, having been proscribed in Ohio for his anti-slavery. After much contention, during which, (as I am credibly informed, for I was not there,) Nicholas Brown was foremost, and most malignant against Joseph, he was finally suffered to remain in the meeting as a member. During the whole week, Nicholas is said never to have missed an opportunity to abuse (if he was capable of doing it) Joseph and his friends. Such is the great predominance of passion in his organization, that I have never seen him pass through a Yearly Meeting without betraying, in the most ridiculous manner, his petulance. After the stormy Yearly Meeting, Joseph came to this city, and was present at 'Friend's meeting' on the 'first day' following. Nicholas 'came also among us.' Joseph spoke at considerable length, to evident discomfiture of Nicholas, whose face depicted his uneasiness. It was not till near the close of his sermon, that he alluded to the great system of American slavery. But the brief though faithful testimony he bore, was enough to raise the opposition of his 'evil genius,' (Nicholas.) Immediately after Joseph took his seat, Nicholas arose, his face flushed with passion, showing the most distinct marks of downright anger, and made some very insolent remarks, among which I remember the following:—'Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing; there are as many at this time as at any age.' 'If Satan wanted most particularly to transform himself into an angel of light, he would be very likely to be found under a Quaker garb.' (Let friend Brown apply this to his pro slavery, under a 'Quaker garb') He finally concluded by saying that 'we had seen most fully demonstrated that day, that the mountain was in labor, and brought forth a mouse!!' Immediately on his taking his seat, Joseph, who is all mildness and sweetness of temper, knelt down to pray. The Friends began to arise, as is their usual custom, when the words that head this article were spoken in an authoritative tone, by Nicholas Brown:—'SIT STILL, FRIENDS, HE'S NOT A MEMBER OF SOCIETY!!'

Let not the 'Quakers' boast of having no priests as long as such men are tolerated in their Society. What priest, what 'hiring priest,' which Nicholas Brown so stoutly denounces, would dare command an audience to 'sit still,' when an individual attempts to pray? It was an act which would make a common priest blush for shame, as many of the friends of Nicholas did for him. Such barefaced priestly tyranny would not be tolerated by any Orthodox church in our land; and all this display of bigotry, intolerance and passion, because Joseph A. Dugdale spoke and will speak in behalf of the oppressed. Let it be held up as a warning against an ordained or 'recommended' priesthood everywhere, hiring or no hiring. They are always, in every society, an arrogant, privileged order, set above humanity, and as an order, will in some manner prey upon it. They are never to be trusted. Occasionally some of them in every society will rise up as men, and throw off the priest, but they then have no more fellowship with the order. Nicholas's language betrays the spirit of sect every where. Let none urge men to join with any of them, in the vain hope of purifying them. It is not in the nature of a sect to be pure. What an example was here set—what a rebuke, a keen rebuke, administered by Joseph! No reviling—no anger—no irritating language, but calmly kneeling in prayer! Which of these acted most in accordance with what Jesus is said to have taught, all who know and bear of the transaction can easily judge. Nothing has ever taken place to open the eyes of the opposers of anti-slavery in the Society of Friends, more than this. They were, many of them, ashamed of their greatest champion. His assertion that Joseph was not a member, is a falsehood, which ought to have been corrected before the audience, many of whom were not 'Friends,' and entirely unacquainted with the circumstances. Long will the 'testimony' that Nicholas left be remembered, as a testimony of the desperation of the apologists for the 'peculiar institution,' and the folly of sectarianism.

E. W. CAPRON.

Rochester, N. Y., June 30, 1845.

Power of Kindness.

No man hath measured it—for it is boundless; no man hath seen its death—for it is eternal. In all ages of the world—in every clime—among every kind—it hath shone out—a beautiful star—a beaming glory.

Look at the case of Saul and David. Bitter and blasting jealousy filled the heart of Saul, and he 'sought to take the young man's life.' With hellish hate he hunted him, even to the dens and caves of the earth. But David conquered his enemy—even the proud spirit of haughty Saul, he humbled. And how? Not with swords and spears,—not with harsh words and coarse contumely,—for these did never touch the heart with gentle influence. No,—but with a weapon,—simple as the shepherd's sling, yet sure as the arrow of Death. 'Twas kindness! This killed rankling hatred, and left Saul to live. And when it had done its work, Saul said to David, 'Thou art more righteous than I, for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil.' Was not here a victory,—more glorious, more godlike, than a Wellington over Napoleon?

See Joseph,—in the hands of his wicked brethren. For a few pieces of paltry silver, they sold him into Egypt. Providence, in kindness, broke the bands which held him in slavery, and made him a ruler there. Famine spread over the land her dark mantle,—and the cruel brethren of Joseph hungered.—They went to Egypt for corn. And how now acted Joseph? More than once he filled their sacks, and returned them their money,—and then he made him self known! 'I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt!' Here was kindness, forgiveness. And it crushed to death the spirit of jealousy, that had once made him a slave. He had conquered!

Come farther down in the world's history,—and tell me, what word of all those spoken by the 'meek

and lowly Jesus?—the 'Prince of Peace'—the 'Saviour of the world'—was best calculated to soften and subdue the hard hearts of his persecutors? Are we not pointed to the cross on Calvary? Are not we asked to listen to the soft, sweet tones of that voice—'Father, forgive them!' O, here was kindness!

Look over our extended country, at the present day. What has changed those miserable hovels of other days, where misery and wretchedness had dwelt, into the neat and beautiful abodes of plenty and peace? What has kindled anew the flame of love and affection, in hearts long estranged and freezing with coldness? What has made happy the homes of thousands of wives, and tens of thousands of children? What, in short, has been the great propellant of the late temperance reformation, which has carried joy and gladness all over our land? What, but kindness?

Reader, have you an enemy, whom you would make a friend—a neighbor, who needs repentance—a felon brother, whom you would restore to sobriety and virtue? Forget not the power of KINDNESS—Christian Soldier.

Political action contrasted with Moral action.

When Isaac Hopper lived in Philadelphia, his attention was drawn to a colored printer called Cain, who was remarkable for profanity. Neither persuasion nor rebuke had any effect to change this bad habit. One day Hopper found him in the street, quarrelling, and pouring forth volleys of oaths, that made one shudder. Having faith in fines and constables, Hopper took him before a magistrate, who fined him for blasphemy.

Twenty years after, Isaac met Cain, whom he had not seen for a very long time. His outward appearance was much changed for the worse; his garments were tattered, and his person emaciated. This touched the Friend's heart. He stepped up, shook hands, and spoke kindly to the forlorn being. 'Dost not thou remember me,' said the Quaker, 'and how I had thee fined for swearing?' 'Yes, indeed, I do, I remember what I paid as well as yesterday.' 'Well, did it do thee any good?' 'No, never a bit; it made me mad to have my money taken from me.'

Hopper invited Cain to reckon up the interest on the fine, and paid him principal and interest. 'I meant it for thy good, Cain, and I am sorry I did thee any harm.'

Cain's countenance changed, the tears rolled down his cheeks; he took the money with many thanks; became a quiet man, and was heard to swear no more.—S. S. Journal.

Expediency.

Some one has illustrated this doctrine by supposing that a beggar asks for a sixpence to buy bread to keep him from starving. If I do not give it, says the man, the beggar will starve;—so he shall have the sixpence. But no, if he gets it and buys the bread, he may use the strength of the bread to do some atrocious crime; he shall not have the sixpence again, if he commits a crime, he may be put in prison, and there his lonely meditations may bring him to repentance and the salvation of his soul; I'll give him the sixpence. Stop, yet; he may continue impenitent, and even lead others into crime and ruin; I'll not give it to him, and incur the responsibility of such fearful consequences! This, is the doctrine of expediency. It is attempting to settle for God the consequences of our actions, which he alone can force with certainty, and which it is his prerogative to take care of.

The Maniac.

Mrs. Child, in giving an account of an interview with Miss Dix, the heroic woman who has visited so many prisons and almshouses in this State and New York, relates the following anecdotes as illustrative of the power of the religious sentiments over insane people.

On one occasion, this missionary of mercy was earnestly cautioned not to approach a raving maniac. He yelled frightfully day and night, rent his garments, plucked out his hair, and was so violent that it was supposed that he would murder any one that ventured within his reach. Miss Dix seated herself at a little distance, and without appearing to notice him, read with serene countenance and gentle voice, certain passages of Scripture, filled with the spirit of meekness and lowliness. When she paused, he said meekly, 'Read me some more; it does me good.' And when, after a prolonged season of worship, she said, 'I must go away now,' he eagerly replied, 'No, you cannot go. God sent you to me, and you must not go.' By kind words, and a promise to come again, she finally obtained permission to depart.—'Give me your hand,' said he. She gave it, and smiled upon him. The wild expression of his haggard countenance softened to tearfulness, as he said, 'You treat me right. God sent you.'

On another occasion, she had been leading some twenty or thirty maniacs in worship, and seeing them all quiet as lambs gathered into the 'shepherd's fold,' she prepared to go forth to other duties. In leaving the room, she passed an insane young man, with whom she had held several interviews. He stood with hands clasped, and a countenance of the deepest reverence. With a friendly smile, she said, 'Henry, are you well to day?' 'Hush! hush!' replied he, sinking his voice to a whisper, and gazing earnestly on the space around her. 'Hush! there are angels with you! they have given you their voice!'

A GOOD HIT.—Two gentlemen the other day, at a public table, got into a vehement dispute upon a subject of which it was quite evident both were profoundly ignorant. A big bull dog, which had been quietly sleeping on the hearth, was aroused by their violence, and began barking furiously. An old gentleman, who had been quietly sipping his wine while the disputants were talking gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, 'Hold your tongue, you brute. You know no more about it than they do.' The laugh of the whole table was turned immediately upon the noisy brawlers.

John Frost, Printer.